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Fight against the clock



11 0 1

Chapter 1 by Miranda Hatch

I woke up breathless. Sweat was dripping down my face. I grabbed my chest as if to feel if my heart was still there. Thank god it was.

"It was just a dream. It was just a dream..." I repeated this to myself over and over again, trying to calm myself down.

I couldn't sleep after that. My mind was reeling. "What if it wasn't a dream?" I asked myself. It didn't feel like a dream, but it couldn't of been real. Things like that don't just happen. Ghosts aren't real.

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